

## Ants

by [Laurie Klein](#) in the [July 2024](#) issue

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*Come hither, for sugar . . .*

Countless antennae sweep  
the phantom scent trail left behind  
like a runic text, by the vigilant scout  
in the lead. O

pheromones! O antsy, listening  
feet, swarming the green  
pantries of summer,  
each fattening bud candied

with nectar. Fabled ticklers,  
do you really unpick those sealed lips,  
coaxing that first blush—  
a peony's silk? No. Although

I want to read your frantic vocation  
this way, equate my own nipping  
and thinning a similar instinct,  
all for the garden's survival. I imagine

your secret anthem: *Come hither,  
for sugar . . . Vamoose, aphid  
and thrip, scar and wilt! Let us be  
antiphons of collected sweetness, borne*

*home, to the others.* And if an ant's amen  
is a full sac, or a mantra to store  
and to swallow, like truth—well, it seems  
small glories need no one, to bloom.